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slow to recognize new forms of expression even though they may be good. It is confounded by the work of many ignorant and self-interested men who seek to exploit themselves and their Art by presuming to follow in the footsteps of talented and competent artists who are sincerely experimenting in the craft of their profession. Even the sincere artist is often forgetful of the public in the pursuit of technique in color and in light. His ignorant followers lacking genius, talent or industry fill our galleries with ugly creations and claim approval solely on the ground of newness and originality—forgetting or ignoring the fundamental traditions of all great Art. Let us go on our way uninfluenced by those who find nothing good in the art of the past.

Out of all discussion pro and con will come some values worthy of recognition. Some old rules will be more firmly established. There are as many different modes of expression in painting as there are in literature. There is no one supreme master in painting. There are many. In every age of Art, painting has been a sufficient medium for the expression of men's minds. There is no great art without great men. When we have great men we have great Art. The great artist never ignores the public.

Let us not forget that although the world may still be called vulgar, men admire the chaste and the refined. Do not lose sight of the refining power of the beautiful. Do not forget that the love of beauty is still present everywhere. Emerson spoke the truth when he said, "Truth, Beauty and Goodness are but different expressions of the same All." Let us dedicate our Museums not to Art, but to the service of humanity. Let us be free with the work of our hands as is the Supreme Master Artist, who hath created the beauty of the heavens, the land and the seas, and all that therein is, and given to all men for their use and happiness. May these Museums reveal to those who enter their portals the universal beauty of all about us, and inspire them in the Art of all Arts—the Art of living.

The glory of the early morning, the splendor of the setting sun, the beauty of the earth clad in the garment of spring or bathed in the sunshine of June, will never be out of date. They are works of Art created by the Supreme Master. No more will a great work of Art coming from the hand of man ever become commonplace or obsolete if it be grounded in universal fact and expressed in a universal language.

THE LOVE OF ART

By ERWIN F. SMITH

When Michael Angelo his David carved,
He took from choice a stone rejected thrice
By lesser men; when aged Rembrandt starved,
He painted canvases beyond all price;
Which proves the common man not master-wise.
Indeed, how should he hear the higher voice,
Whose throat is overfull of specious lies?
But those who walk in Art's highway, from choice,
They breathe a purer air than ever blows
O'er common ways; and comradeship if rare
Is rich beyond compare, and fairer grows
With lapse of years. Up rugged steeps and bare
The pathway leads, but he who climbeth knows
The prospect grows at every turn more fair!